

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,

REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

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REVIEW.

COLOMBIA; Its present state, in respect of Climate, Soil, Productions, Population, Government, Commerce, Revenue, Manufactures, Arts, Literature, Manners, Education, and Inducements to Emigration, with Itineraries, &c. By Col. FRANCIS HALL, Hydrographer in the service of Colombia, &c. Philadelphia. 1825. pp. 131.

It is our intention, in a series of successive articles, to present our readers with notices of the most interesting and authentic accounts, lately published, of the condition and resources of the South American Republics. That we shall thereby make an offering which will prove generally acceptable, we cannot doubt. The growing importance of these states in the political scale of nations, the lively sympathy entertained in their behalf on account of their protracted and multiplied sufferings, their glorious redemption from an ignominious bondage, and finally, the extensive resources and numerous facilities they present for commercial intercourse, have every where awakened an anxious curiosity for information respecting their actual condition and future prospects. As far as in our power lies, we shall endeavour to gratify this laudable curiosity; and in order to do this the more effectually, we shall avail ourselves indiscriminately of books of travels or of regular descriptions, and histories, according as we deem the one or the other best calculated to instruct and amuse by lively and correct delineation of manners and scenery. We shall commence with Colombia, because to us, as Americans, this portion of the Southern Hemisphere presents peculiar points of attraction and interest. It was on her soil that the banner of freedom was first unfurled, and there the shout of independence was first raised aloud, the echo of which has been resounded from the farthest Andes to the south, and the ancient city of Montezuma to the north. Colombia, too, is the birth place of Bolivar, the dauntless hero, the enlightened statesman, the Washington of the nineteenth century. Need we say more?

The volume now before us is evidently intended to be a kind of manual for the use of those persons more especially who are inclined to emigrate to Colombia. Its author, Colonel Francis Hall, formerly lieutenant in the British army, is already known in this country, by his "Tour in British North America and the United States," a work, in which, far from imitating the base and servile herd who had been brought over to asperse our institutions and defame our character, he, with equal candour and warmth, eulogizes the one, and sets the other in as favourable a

light as could be shed on it by the hospitality extended to a traveller and a stranger. The manner in which he speaks of the venerable author of the Declaration of our Independence reflects the highest honour on the liberality of the Englishman and the enlightened enthusiasm of the man. In the present work the author has not attempted more than a summary of the most important facts relating to the country in whose service he has been so honourably, and is still so usefully employed. His situation in the government affords him such ample opportunities of information, that his evidence is rendered peculiarly strong and valuable, and we have attached the more importance to it, because it is couched in plain and manly diction, not at all deformed by the extravagance of prejudice, or the officious warmth of interested selfishness.

The Republic of Colombia occupies an extent of 1320 miles in breadth, from the mouth of the Orinoco, to the western extremity of the Isthmus of Panama, and 1080 miles in length from Cape de la Vela, on the north, to the extremity of Quito on the south. It is bounded north and east by the Atlantic ocean, and by Dutch and French Guyana; west by part of Guatimala and the Pacific; south by deserts separating it from Peru and Brazil.

The Cordillera of the Andes traverses this extensive territory, "imprinting on its soil and climate all those peculiarities and advantages which so remarkably distinguish it."

The country is naturally divided into three zones, each having its proper soil, climate, and productions. The first is the tract included between the Cordilleras and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The climate here is hot and generally unhealthy, the soil very fruitful wherever there are rivers, and where the peculiar localities of mountains do not render the periodical rains deficient. The province of Coro has been sometimes four years without rain.

One of the principal rivers in this tract is the Magdalena, which descends about 700 miles through the valleys of the Andes, and is navigable to Honda, situated at the distance of 550 miles from the entrance of the river into the Atlantic. The Cauca and the Atrato are also considerable rivers. The banks of all these are covered by luxuriant and extensive forests. The climate of these vallies, in which they are situated, is remarkably hot, and it may be considered a hot-bed of disease. Insects, and venomous reptiles likewise swarm in abundance, and render life a real annoyance.

The second, or mountainous zone is far different. At the height of 4000 feet

above the level of the ocean, the climate becomes mild, vegetation is uninterrupted through the year, venomous insects are not met with, and health dwells here with industry and content. About 9000 feet the climate becomes cold, vegetation is stunted in its growth, and clouds eternally darken the prospect. Beyond 17000 feet vegetation ceases, and snow and barren rocks alone diversify the cheerless scene.

The third zone comprehends the immense level country that extends east and south from the Andes to the Amazon and the Orinoco. The Meta, the Apure, the Orinoco, each formed by the concurrence of numerous streams, water this plain. The overflowings of these rivers transform the country, for four months during the year, to an inland sea. Hence the luxuriant pasture and the endless herds of fine cattle that are produced here. The forests contain a rich variety of woods fit for dyes, furniture, and building. The soil produces sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa, indigo, tobacco, and every species of tropical produce.

"All the energy of nature, in the production both of animal and vegetable life, is here brought into action; and wild beasts, venomous reptiles, and tormenting insects, enter equally into a system which man vainly imagines constructed for his peculiar use and convenience. The climate, though hot, is neither so unhealthy nor debilitating as that of the sea coast, the air being refreshed and purified by the strong breezes blowing constantly over this grassy ocean, which extends not less than 300 miles in every direction betwixt the Andes and the Orinoco."—p. 15.

With respect to the population, our author gives us no satisfactory information; the calculation he offers was made previous to 1810, since which period the sanguinary conflict which has scarce yet ended, and the wide spread emigration it occasioned, must have produced material changes. The number of inhabitants at that time was estimated, including those of New Grenada, at 2,430,000. These are divided into Indians, or Aborigines,* European Spaniards, Creoles, or descendants of the last, Negroes, and mixed races, as Mulattoes, Mestizos, &c. The following extract will show the relative condition of these classes previous to the revolution.

"Under the Spanish government, the political distinctions which separated these various classes of inhabitants were almost as numerous as, and infinitely more odious than, their physical varieties of features and complexion. By the laws of the Indies, the Indians were not only cut off from every civil employment or distinction, but were even denied the dignity of rational beings, being held in a state of perpetual pupillage, under the authority, principally, of their curates, who would hardly permit them to hold any intercourse with the rest of the inhabitants; the people of colour

* Not Aborigines, as one of our standard Reviews hath it.

were little better treated : besides being rigidly excluded from every employment of honour or consideration in the state, they were subjected to personal distinctions, the more painful, because they could have no other object than that of gratifying the vanity of the privileged class at the expense of their unfortunate brethren. Such was the law prohibiting the women of colour from wearing the *manto*, or black-dress used at church, or from wearing any ornament of gold or silver ; custom, besides, prohibited them the use of the *alfombra*, or carpet at their devotions, and that of an umbrella to screen them from the sun in the streets ; all these distinctions are now happily abolished ; the law of the republic sees none but citizens in every class of inhabitants, whatever may be their origin or the tinge of their complexions ; the justice of this policy has been rewarded by the exertions of the people of colour, in aid of the independence of the country, of which they have been the firmest supporters, and Colombia reckons among her best and bravest officers, men, whom Spanish pride and tyranny deemed unworthy to sit at a white man's table. If any lingering prejudices still remain, they are happily confined to female coteries, or an occasional explosion in a ball-room : even these last embers of irritated and childish pride it is the interest of the republic to see extinguished."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

For the American Athenæum.

THE ITINERANT—No. V.

MAN, as well as all other mutable beings, is subject to sudden, and frequently unforeseen changes, yet this is not often the case. Irrational animals continue the same from generation to generation, fierce or crafty, governed by instinct only, which teaches them to minister to their necessities, and no further. The lion, after prowling away the night in search of his prey, retires satiated to his den to sleep away the intervening hours between his last meal and the renewal of his appetite :—but with the human race it is far different. Bodily wants, which in an organized state of society become easily attainable, form but a secondary consideration—man's attention becomes directed towards the attainment of wealth, of power, and of fame. These being acquired, his mind seeks for that which can procure him mental as well as physical enjoyment ; hence the progress of literature is in proportion to the wealth of the community and the freedom of its institutions.

To trace the progress of the human mind from some given period, to probe to their sources the causes which led to its advance, as well as those which retarded, can never be void of interest, and must always be full of instruction. The frequent revolutions in literature are conspicuous, and must, to the intelligent mind, be subjects of unqualified information : they lay bare the sources of intellect ; we see its fluctuations as amid sword and flame, amid persecution and intolerance ; it was driven from land to land, until, under the darkness of Gothic superstition, it was extinguished.

In this and the succeeding number, it is my intention to hazard some reflections on the revival of literature and the arts in Europe, after their extinction by the barbarians, who, raging with unhallowed fury, destroyed, without discrimination,

whatever was beautiful or magnificent in either. It was a maxim with them, that as man became more polished he lost those warlike virtues, on which they set so high a value as to conceive it impossible for any to enter heaven who had not slain his enemy in battle, or fallen in the attempt.

The effects which so brutal a creed had in destroying ancient models, still continue to be severely felt, and even up to the present day the loss continues unrepaired.

From the period of the conquest of the western empire by the Goths, who, pouring down in irresistible numbers, like the mighty Alpine Avalanche, sent terror before them, and left ruin in the train, to the fourteenth century, when Europe began to revive from the lethargy into which she had been cast, was one continued age of ferocity in manners and literary blindness. The causes which conducted to the revival of a spirit of inquiry, and a taste for the polite, as well as the necessary arts of life, shall form the subject of my investigation.

The epoch that presents itself to our consideration, as that which gave a universal impulse to all those principles of the mind which had long been dormant, is that of the Crusades or Holy wars against the Saracens, for the recovery of Palestine. It was these which laid the foundation of that change, which, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries became so manifest in Europe, and has since raised her to the most conspicuous station in the world. Until then, Asia had been the seat of learning, and the Arabians were the most polite as well as the best informed people whose history was known.

Considering the Crusades, therefore, as the germ of all those arts and sciences which are now coming to perfection in both hemispheres, I cannot but view them as objects of curiosity to all who take an interest in studying the advancement of the mind, from its first feeble efforts to its attainment of that supremacy which it now holds.

In order the more fully to comprehend the effects produced by a cause, however evident, it is requisite to trace the source of that cause to its fountain head, and, by developing the hidden springs, which by their secret influence, either accelerated or retarded its action, bring our ideas in one connected chain to the summit of our object.

It is not enough to know that any thing was or is the principle of an action. A mind that would gain real advantage from its knowledge, would know what gave life to that principle : as he who seeing the operation of a steam engine will never be the wiser for it unless he study also the nature and production of the steam, and the operative cause by which it gives motion to so many particles of machinery.

In reflecting, therefore, on the Crusades and their effects upon society, it is pre-requisite that we take a short retrospect of the history of the times immediately

preceding them, for without being acquainted with this, it would be but a mass of unintelligible matter.

I have already observed, that in the irruptions of the Goths and Vandals, and other uninformed savages, who, in the fifth and sixth centuries, devastated Europe, and all traces of that literary spirit which had flourished in the Roman Empire were extinguished at the same time they destroyed its productions. The untameable desperation of these invaders, whose life was entirely military, evinced itself in the establishment of that stupendous fabric of aristocracy, the Feudal system ; and as it was chiefly owing to this system that Europe continued so long in a state of darkness, I will venture to take a review of its establishment and consequences.

The lands which had fallen under the dominion of this people were parcelled out among them, in proportion to the services which each had rendered, the allotment to the Chief or King being by far the most considerable. These lands were re-distributed, by their proprietor, among such as chose to accept them on condition of military service whenever called upon. The overlord was an independent prince, powerful in proportion to the number of his vassals. The king, who had no standing army, was obliged, when his necessities compelled him, to call in the aid of those nobles, who held their title from the crown.

The whole power of the state being thus divided, and retained in the hands of a few, who, by their constant wars, kept the country in a state of perpetual commotion, precluded any attempts at refinement and progression in the liberal arts ; jealous of power, and blinded by superstition, they blasted in its bud every essay at improvement.

Another system, that was in fact the lever which set in motion the whole of that vast machinery of European policy, was the Papal power. The Popes, who were originally the patriarchs of the church, had, through the influence of superstition, and by the aid of imposture, gained the supremacy in the councils of all the European states. Kings and Emperors bowed down at their feet, and through the medium of *Saint Peter* their every plan was accomplished. Such was the state of Europe, when that flame which for two centuries blazed without diminution, burst forth—destroying ancient institutions, and undermining to their foundation those powerful aristocratical combinations which had always been a scourge to the land.

The manner in which this was accomplished I shall discuss in my next, in the meanwhile, let us pause to observe how inconsistent is man in whatever situation. The proud Goth, who would have disdained to submit to any being overtly, was yet, by a system of fraud and imposture, brought to the brink of slavery ; and they who had practised these frauds were, in their turn, overmatched by the votaries of

Religion, and what their pride would have scorned, or their power have defied, was palmed upon them under the disguise of passport to Heaven. PROTEUS.

For the American Athenæum.

QUEENS ELIZABETH AND MARY.

(Continued.)

In the second year of Elizabeth's reign she was applied to by the protestants of Scotland, for assistance against their catholic rulers, who were aided by France, in an attempt to subdue by force the spirit of religious innovation which then prevailed. Elizabeth very readily granted the succour required, and the reformers were consequently successful. A treaty was formed at Edinburgh, in which England, Scotland, and France were parties. The queen of Scots, who was still in France, where she received her education, and where she married the dauphin, refused to ratify the treaty, which gave great umbrage to Elizabeth. It is well known that Mary's pretensions to the crown of England, founded on the alleged illegitimacy of her cousin Elizabeth, gave the latter great uneasiness; and finally excited an enmity in her bosom which nothing but the death of the unfortunate Mary could ever eradicate.

After the death of her husband, Mary began to think of leaving France, and returning into her native country; she therefore applied to Elizabeth for liberty to pass through England. But she received for answer, that till she had given satisfaction, by ratifying the treaty of Edinburgh, she could expect no favour from a person whom she had so much injured. This abrupt refusal excited the indignation of Mary, who made no scruple of expressing her sentiments on the subject, in a style but ill fitted to conciliate her rival, or cure the mutual jealousies which had already taken place.

It is pretty evident, however, that the causes of Elizabeth's enmity against her fair cousin were not altogether political. Mary, who had scarcely reached her nineteenth year, was young and beautiful, with all that soft fascination of manners which is best acquired by a French education, and a long residence at the French court. Elizabeth, on the contrary, was not what our fair readers would consider young, being on the verge of thirty. Her manners, it is well known, were somewhat masculine, and her personal attractions far inferior to Mary's. These are weighty considerations with the fair sex, in every rank of life; and we have no doubt that most of our female readers will find an apologist for Elizabeth in their own bosoms.

Refused a passage through her cousin's dominions, the indignant Mary prepared to set sail for Scotland. Elizabeth equipped a fleet, on pretence of pursuing pirates, but probably with an intention of intercepting the queen of Scots, who embarked, with her suite at Calais, and passing the English fleet in a fog, arrived safely at Leith.

Mary had been educated in France from her earliest infancy, and was strongly attached to that delightful country. There, too, death had deprived her of her first love, a husband whom she adored. On leaving the French coast, she never turned her eyes from it for a moment, till darkness fell, and intercepted it from her view. She then ordered a couch to be spread for her in the open air; and charged the pilot, that if the land was still in sight in the morning, he should awake her, and afford her one parting view of that country in which her affections were centred. It was in the month of August; the weather proved calm, and her wish was gratified. She sat up on her couch, and still looking with streaming eyes towards the land, repeatedly exclaimed, "Farewell, France, farewell! I shall never see thee more!"

No sooner did the French galleys appear off Leith, than people of all ranks, who had long expected their arrival, flocked towards the shore, with an earnest impatience to behold and receive their young sovereign, of whose beauty and accomplishments they had heard so much. All combined to express their attachment to her, and to insinuate themselves into her confidence, on the commencement of her administration. As the Scots had long been deprived of the presence of their sovereign, whom they once despaired ever more to behold among them, her arrival seemed to give universal satisfaction; and nothing appeared about the court but symptoms of affection, joy, and festivity. These promising appearances, however, were of short duration.

Scotland was now a protestant country, and the queen was a papist. This circumstance soon bereaved Mary of that general favour which her agreeable manners and judicious deportment gave her just reason to expect. Although she bestowed her confidence entirely on the leaders of the reformed party, and even published a proclamation requiring every one to submit to the established [protestant] religion, the preachers and their adherents could neither be reconciled to a person polluted with so great an abomination as popery, nor lay aside their jealousies of her future conduct. It was with great difficulty she could obtain permission for saying mass in her own chapel; and had not the people apprehended, if she had here met with a refusal, she would instantly have returned to France, the zealots never would have granted her even that indulgence.

The helpless queen was thus every moment exposed to contumely, which she bore with benignity and patience. But all the insolence of the people was trifling in comparison of that exercised by the clergy, and the preachers, who seemed to take a pride in vilifying this amiable princess, even to her face. In short, the demeanour of John Knox, and his followers, filled the life of Mary with bitterness and sorrow. She was deprived of all amusements by the absurd severity of those

reformers; and she every moment found reason to regret her leaving that country, from whose manners she had in her early youth received the first impression. In this disagreeable situation, Mary very justly concluded that her only expedient for maintaining tranquillity was to preserve a good correspondence with Elizabeth, who, by former connexions and services, had acquired such authority over these obstinate fanatics. She therefore sent a proposition, sanctioned by the nobility of Scotland, waving her present pretensions to the English crown, but insisting on being declared her successor! No request (says Hume) could be more unreasonable, nor made at a more improper juncture. The reply of the high-spirited Elizabeth was such as might have been expected; Mary's proposal could not be acceded to. After a series of negotiations, however, in which Mary consented to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, the question of succession was laid aside; and though farther concessions were never made by either princess, they put on all the appearance of a cordial reconciliation and friendship with each other.

In the mean time Elizabeth employed herself in regulating the affairs of her own kingdom, and promoting the happiness of her people. She made some progress in paying the great debts which lay upon the crown; she regulated the coin, which had been much debased by her predecessors; she furnished her arsenals with great quantities of arms from Germany and other places; engaged her nobility and gentry to imitate her example in this particular, introduced into the kingdom the art of making gunpowder and brass cannon; fortified her frontiers on the side of Scotland; made frequent reviews of the militia; encouraged agriculture, by allowing a free exportation of corn; promoted trade and navigation; and so much increased the shipping of her kingdom, both by building vessels of force herself, and suggesting like undertakings to the merchants, that she was justly styled the restorer of naval glory, and the queen of the northern seas. She was hailed as the bulwark and the support of the numerous, though still persecuted protestants, throughout all Europe. She united her interests in all foreign negotiation with those who were every where struggling under oppression, and guarding themselves against ruin and extermination.

Although Elizabeth was thus deeply engaged in the religious (or rather anti-religious) wars of the continent, and had exhausted her exchequer by assisting the hugonots of France, she still maintained peace with her catholic cousin of Scotland; and even a cordial friendship seemed to have been cemented between them. They made profession of the most entire affection; wrote amicable letters every week to each other; and adopted, in all appearances, the sentiments as well as style of sisters. They even agreed to have an interview at York, in order to re-

move all difficulties with regard to Mary's ratification of the treaty of Edinburgh, and to consider of the proper method for settling the *succession* of England; but as Elizabeth carefully avoided this delicate subject, the intended interview was delayed for another year, under the *pretence* that the wars in France would detain her in London. It is probable, however, that, being well acquainted with the beauty, address, and accomplishments of Mary, she did not choose to stand the comparison with regard to those exterior qualities, in which she was eclipsed by her rival; and was unwilling that a princess, who had already made great progress in the esteem and affections of the English, should have a farther opportunity of increasing the number of her partisans.

Offers of marriage from different potentates, as well as from some of her own nobles, were repeatedly made to Elizabeth, and as constantly declined, so that her people began to be alarmed respecting the succession. She seemed determined not only to disappoint their hopes in this respect, but also to prevent the production of an heir by any one who had the most distant pretensions to the crown. Her cruel persecution, among others, of Hertford, and his lovely bride, the lady Catharine Gray, on this account, is familiar to our readers. The same jealous spirit prompted her to exert her influence to prevent a projected alliance between the queen of Scots and the arch-duke Charles; and finally recommended to Mary her own favourite, the earl of Leicester. Elizabeth, of course, had no serious intention of effecting such a marriage; but being desirous that the queen of Scots should never have any husband, she artfully named a man who, she believed, was not likely to be accepted. She hoped, by this means, to gain time, and elude the project of any other alliance. The earl of Leicester was too great a favourite to be parted with, and when Mary, allured by the prospect of being declared successor to the crown, seemed at last to hearken to Elizabeth's proposal, the latter receded from her offer, and withdrew the bait which she had formerly thrown out to her rival. This duplicity of conduct produced a breach between the two princesses, which continued for some time, when Mary thought it advisable to despatch Sir James Melville to London, to endeavour to make it up.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the French Vice Admiral Du Quesne made his first attack on Algiers, he sent an officer with a flag on shore, who magnified the force of his commander, and threatened to lay the city in ashes if his demands were not immediately complied with. The dey, who had, upon the first approach of the enemy, removed the aged, the females, and the richest effects, coolly inquired of the officer, how much the levelling of the city to ashes would

cost. The officer, thinking to raise the dey's admiration of the power of the grand monarch, answered, two millions of livres. 'Tell your commander,' said the dey, 'if he will send me half the money, I will burn the city to ashes myself.'

SELECTIONS.

THE PODESTA AT FLORENCE,

Built about the middle of the thirteenth century. From '*Observations on Italy*,' by the late J. BELL.

THE severe and gloomy grandeur peculiar to the style of Arnolfo accorded well with the disorderly times of the republic. The Podesta sends up a vast and stern monument of the character of those days, in its huge bulk, and deep impenetrable walls, within whose centre, silence, solitude, and secrecy, seem to reign; whilst its ponderous tower, crowned with embrasures, frowns in sullen and proud defiance of the lapse of time. Ages may roll in vain over its heavy and massive bulwarks. It is not built according to the architecture of the rude and barbarous nations of the north, nor of the Saracen, Gothic, or Greek; but as if it had been conceived in some feverish dream, and were meant by its dismal aspect to terrify into subjection the spirit of a savage people.

This edifice was reared in times full of danger; when the state was divided by factions, assailed by secret conspiracies, or threatened by popular tumult. The magistrates and rulers, often the victims of these discontents, found safety only in vigilance and cruelty, and sought to supply, by secret measures, their defect of power.

At the portal of the palace gate was placed a silent monitor, termed *Tamburazione*, through whose medium, as in the horrible era of revolutionary France, secret communications were conveyed to the state. The denunciation of the noble or the citizen, was a safe and simple process. The anonymous informations being lodged in this receptacle, led to speedy and sure detection, the accused person being often hurried to prison without being aware that he was even suspected.

In the palace of the Podesta the judges sat in council, the affairs of state were deliberated upon, embassies received; and in the days of revelry and public rejoicings, the festive board was here spread out for the illustrious stranger and royal guest, who not unfrequently graced their feasts; while far below, the prisoner, condemned on proof, or suspected of guilt, was thrust into secret cells to suffer in silence. Dismal and full of danger as was the situation of the political offender thus delivered to the power of his enemies, his name might yet be remembered, and an account of his disappearance demanded. But a reign of mysterious terror, more fearful, followed this period; for here, leading from the collateral and subterraneous passages of Santa Croce, the Inquisition was established, the secrets of which dread tribunal none might reveal; and which, even to this day, are spoken of with

a sort of mysterious horror. Communications on the subject are uttered in a suppressed tone of voice, and with an anxious eye, glancing round with suspicious care, as if walls might report tales and reveal secrets. The proceedings of this institution, conducted in silence and mystery, were of a nature to strike terror into the most manly and resolute heart. From the moment of accusation and conviction, nearly synonymous terms, it was death to hold any communication with the prisoner, or to give him food or consolation during his last moments of life, or even the sacred aids of religion; none were suffered to approach him but his dark-minded tormentors. It is not long since the power of committing these legal crimes, as they may be truly styled, still existed;—and a circumstance which brought to light some of the horrors of this institution occurred at a period not very remote.

A young man, convicted of the crime of eating meat on Friday, had been dragged from his native city, and lodged in the prisons of the Inquisition. In the interval of his tortures he found means to pass to his prince's hands a letter and a sign.—The prince, like Haroun Alraschid, was wont to sally forth, and to walk, unattended and unknown, through the streets of the city. At midnight he knocked at the gate; the priests of these mysterious cells recognised the voice of their prince with consternation; he forced his way, and found them at their dreadful work, with instruments of torture, and their victims pale, and wild with terror.

Within these cells, now emptied of their wretched inmates, these frightful engines of cruelty are still to be seen, hung up in triumph, as a tribute to injured humanity.

These times of religious persecution, and their attendant terrors, are gone by; but many are the forms in which suffering is found still to exist. He who visits this prison, even in these days, may approach it with feelings burning from recollections of the times, when scenes of tumult and violence were found within its walls; yet soon will he cease to meditate on what is past, and turn to the present picture of misery which, in this mansion, is displayed in every form of wretchedness.

It is difficult now to retrace in this dismal abode the spacious chambers and splendid galleries which once made it a palace. You pass through a square court of an antique gloomy cast; an arcade, which runs along the base, is supported by short thick columns, over which there is a second range of the same coarse form, with capitals of a mixed order; the whole of a dark grey stone, discoloured by time.

On the gate are two lions sitting on their haunches, the supporters of the arms of Florence; while the walls of the court within, are covered with monumental stones, on which the names of the nobles and citizens who held the offices of Podesta, captain, or judge, are inscribed, and on which are carved dragons, bears, and chained dogs, the arms of the palace.

The staircase rises in flights, defended on one side by a coarse bulky railing of stone work. Still, as you advance in this dismal manner, you behold, with increased pain, marks of desolation, and proofs of unnecessary severity in securing the wretched prisoners. The arched and grooved ceilings, and the ranges of magnificent pillars which once adorned this ancient edifice, are now intersected by strong masonry, dividing the cells, which are constructed by perforations in these deep and everlasting walls. A square aperture of three feet high forms the entrance into each of these dim abodes, each cell seeming rather a den than a chamber. The prisoner, forced to bend almost double, passes in, when a strong door, secured with bolts and bars of massive iron, closes on him, excluding all sound, except, perhaps, the reverberation of the closing of another and another heavy door. The windows that run along this stupendous building are oblong, and from eight to twelve feet high. In these divisions are openings of the size of two feet, grated in double rows, with the addition of three strong bars across, through which light and air are admitted to the cells;—and as you pass along, you behold a range of grim faces, some pale, and worn by the ravages of disease, others presenting an aspect of sullen and remorseless gloom, without hope or care of life, fit for the axe or guillotine, the mode adopted in this country to inflict death on the criminal.—From stage to stage, as you ascend from one narrow staircase to another, you find the same kind of prison, the same horrid visages meet your eye, fixing on your mind, and painfully haunting the imagination. Whatever offences may have been committed, whether robbery, murder, petty larceny, or prostitution, to which the wretched female is too often driven by beggary and famine, the mode of confinement is the same; and there seems to be no gradation in punishment. The solitary prisoner is not more guilty than another, who perhaps forms a group with his family. All appears to be directed by chance; there is no order or regulations; no jailor guards the court or the stairs; each cell is a prison, deep and fast. As I proceeded along, my conductors led me through a dismal gallery appointed for the receptacle of the dead; three men lay extended in this loathsome place. Arrested by a sight so piteous, I gazed with sorrow on the wretches, whose crimes, whatever they had been, seemed expiated by death under an imprisonment so merciless.—Two melancholy, simple men who attended me, perhaps mistaking the source of my reflections, and believing us acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of the prison, shaking their heads emphatically, answered (as it were to the supposed subject of my thoughts) sorrowfully, they believed it was very true that these men had indeed died of very want, 'Sono spenti della fame.' The start of horror they observed in me alarmed them, as fearful of having betrayed an undivulged tale; and

when pressed again simply to avow their personal opinion, they shrugged up their shoulders, declaring that they had eaten very little, adding, 'ma che vuole o' signore pazienza;' an expression often used to imply consolation, or resignation to what cannot be remedied. We enter an abode like this with terror, and leave it under a despondency that does not soon subside. 'I will go no further,' I said, and left the place.

THE PIRATE.

THE evening breeze from the sea had cooled the sultriness of the summer day, though still the fervid sun shed its brightest and most glittering beams on the magnificent scenery of the surrounding landscape. Inesille advanced from the clustering garlands which draperied the verandah, and still shaded by a towering acacia, yet so beautiful, that she who gazed upon it from infancy thought she had never sufficiently admired it before.

Standing in front of a cottage situated in the gorge of a mountain, to the right the ocean spread itself a flood of molten silver, its gentle waves stealing on the golden sands of the shore which, sometimes narrowed by overhanging cliffs, scarcely afforded a path at high-water, and at others, widened into broad esplanades, as the valleys opened through the giant barrier. To the left the eye wandered over an extensive plain, clothed with wood, fertile with meadow land, and dotted with the superbly picturesque cities of Spanish America, cupolas and spires covered with copper, and blazing like ingots from Potosi's mine in the beams of the sun. Opposite, and across the narrow valley, a winding pathway (now hidden by the umbrageous foliage of flowering shrubs, and now climbing the topmost height of the crag, as if it hung suspended in mid air) was animated by occasional passengers; the patient sheep, loaded, in addition to its own rich fleece, with foreign wealth, toiled up the side, followed by its anxious master; and, besides the tinkling of its bells, wild music from the oaten pipe, and bursts of melody from the gay guitar, came in snatches as the breeze swept gently murmuring by, bringing the gushing perfume of the myrtle, and the orange-blossom which scattered showers of silvery leaves in every graceful bend of their branches to the gale. The turf beneath Inesille's feet was of emerald brightness, and all around her arose gorgeous flowers red with the dye of the ruby, or heaped with gold, clusters of amethysts and torquises, beds of incense-breathing carnations, and thickets of the blushing rose; and trooping round her came familiar birds, decked in the splendid plumage of a southern clime, with their rich restless wings changing like the tints of the rainbow as they courted the caresses of their mistress. Nested in the mountain, and curtained by a living woof of leaves, and fruits, and flowers, Inesille's home, though spacious and convenient, could scarcely be detected in the luxuriant

wild. Below, a straggling town stretched its gay dwellings to the sea, a place of some importance, and of considerable wealth.

Inesille's attention was attracted from her flowers and her birds by the appearance of a vessel which glided majestically across the bay; it seemed to be of the largest class of merchantmen, and, at this season, was an unexpected sight, for not a single mast was now visible in this occasionally well-frequented port. She watched its progress until its white sails were hidden by a projecting cliff, and then turned again to the garland she was wreathing, and to the crested doves cooing plaintively at her feet. Bright as the blossoms which her fingers twined, innocent as the plumed favourites who accompanied her solitude, and gay as the playful kid that frolicked round her, the fair girl, amid so many beautiful objects of Heaven's creations, far surpassed them all—Fancifully and richly attired, her flowing ringlets were confined by bands of pearl, a cecus of costly gems encircled her waist, her wrist, arms, and throat glittered with the same precious ornaments, and every clasp that fastened her graceful robe was studded with diamonds.

Time passed unheeded by with one so light of heart. The sun was shedding his last ray on this paradise of sweets, when suddenly the serenity of the scene was disturbed by the report of muskets and the clash of arms. A volume of black smoke burst from the neighbouring town, then followed a wild shriek, and then a lurid flame gushed forth. Inesille sickened at the sight. Unable to imagine the cause of the destruction which she witnessed, she still continued to gaze, weeping for the miseries which others were sustaining, yet not fearing for herself. It could not be an insurrection, the inhabitants were too peaceable: an earthquake? no—there was not a symptom of that terrible convulsion: an accidental conflagration? no, there had been sounds of resistance, of force opposed to force, the rallying shout, the battle cry, and as these ended in one triumphant yell, a low wailing succeeded, dismal groans of men in mortal agony, and the stifled screams of women. 'The ship! the ship!' exclaimed Inesille, and turned to seek a hiding place; but her white garments had already betrayed her to the ruffian crew, five or six sailors had rushed up the hill-side through a grove which concealed their approach from her view, and gained the lawn ere she had reached a safe asylum. In a moment the face of the scene was changed, the birds flew in terror, the flowers lay crushed and soiled upon the earth, and their fair mistress, pale as marble, was on her knees beseeching mercy. At first, the spoilers seemed only intent upon making a prize of her jewels: but to unclasp them all promised to be a work of time; a signal from below, thrice repeated, and the alarm already raised upon the surrounding heights, decided the adoption of another measure: they seized the now fainting

girl in their arms, and hurried her away with them to the beach, where boats were in waiting filled with plunder and on the point of putting off to the ship.

When Inesille recovered her recollection, she found herself lying on a bed in a cabin, and the motion of the vessel convinced her that she was fast receding from her native shore. She wept long and bitterly; but though she had never been called upon for exertion before, she was not destitute of courage. Aware that, thrown into the power of a lawless horde of pirates, her situation required the utmost circumspection, she resolved to meet the exigencies of the moment with fortitude, and, by preserving her self-possession, endeavoured to frustrate the designs of her captors, if they should be such as her fears suggested. Accordingly, when after the lapse of a few hours a sailor entered her apartment, she did not refuse the refreshment which he offered. He left her for a short time, and returned with a message from the Captain, requesting to be allowed to speak to her, and she immediately appointed an interview in the adjoining cabin; trusting that, by granting him an audience elsewhere, she would avoid his intrusion in her own chamber. She received him with dignity, taking care not to betray her terror nor her contempt. He was a young man, tall and athletic, with coarse features, which might have been handsome but for their vulgar cast, and for the villainy which was imprinted in legible characters on his brow; his garb was rich and ill-chosen; and, awed from the familiarity of his first address, by her composed yet lofty demeanour, he shrunk into his native awkwardness, and stood abashed before her.—Inesille perceived her advantage, and tried to engage his avarice by speaking of her ransom: and though detecting a sinister expression in a countenance which struck her with dread, as he affected to admit the probability of her speedy deliverance to her friends, she was satisfied that she had at least gained something, and that even this brutal wretch would endeavour to conciliate her affection rather than attack her with rude language and actions still more horrid. He invited her to take the air upon deck; and, promising to repair thither in the evening, she rightly judged, that, after this concession, he could have no pretext to detain her, and seized the favourable moment to withdraw.

Her own cabin, though not large, was commodious: it had been supplied in her absence with a trunk containing several changes of female apparel, and every thing that could contribute to her comfort. She was glad to relinquish her torn discoloured garments for a supply so seasonable, and when summoned by the Captain was ready to attend him upon deck. The licentious revelry of the crew alarmed her; but she still preserved the calm stately manner which she had found so imposing, and exerted herself to appear merely as a passenger who had no-

thing to dread. Vangroober, the present master of the ship, half English, half Dutchman, was a little discomfited. Not destitute of pride, the wish to be taken for a gentleman combated with the passions of the ruffian; he determined to let her have her own way, trusting that his personal attractions would dispose her to regard him with tenderness; and, secure of his victim, the very novelty of endeavouring to win a woman's heart had something in it which pleased him. Inesille watched him closely, and the instant that his native grossness betrayed itself through the thin mask which he had constrained himself to wear, she complained of fatigue, and descended to her cabin.

The same sailor to whom she had at first spoken, and whose appearance was less disgusting than that of his shipmates, apologized for being obliged to intrude upon her for a short time, and, removing a table, he unfasted a trap which had escaped her observation in the flooring, and disappeared through it with his lantern and a basket. It was at least half an hour before he re-ascended, when, informing her that he had the care of a store, he promised to disturb her as seldom as possible, and retired. She secured the door of her cabin, but looked anxiously at a small window which opened upon the ladder, and through which a slender man might easily insinuate himself. Vangroober was a Hercules; but still the aperture prevented her from enjoying a refreshing sleep when she sought repose. Thrown into a situation so new and so distressing, it was with the utmost difficulty that Inesille supported herself. Still she clung to hope, determined not to lose the only charm of her existence whilst a chance remained of escaping from the perils which surrounded her. So young, so ardent, life was very dear; but she feared to lose a treasure still dearer; and, to prepare for the worst, she took advantage of her present security to arm herself with a knife, which she resolved to plunge into her heart should any desperate exigence require this alternative. The consciousness of possessing such a resource enabled her to parry Vangroober's addresses with some degree of spirit; but his awe was beginning to wear off, and she felt that the crisis was approaching. Above a week had elapsed since she had been torn away from her beloved and tranquil home, to become the associate of robbers of the worst description. In her visits to the upper deck she scrutinized the countenances of the sailors, in the vain hope of finding one indicative of sufficient goodness and intelligence to make her friend. The man who repaired regularly once in two days to inspect his store, was the least repulsive; but, though civil, he eluded all her attempts to engage him in conversation. Perchance he had not the will; and when she reflected that, under the dominion of Vangroober, he could not possess the power to serve her, she dismissed the idea as too fantastic to be refined.

It appeared to her that the sands of her life were counted. At every fresh interview with her now declared lover, she expected to be called upon to perform her fearful project. She accustomed herself to the use of the weapon, that the stroke might be effectual, and recalled the slight knowledge which she had gained upon the subject to her mind, lest a trifling wound should throw her into the power of her enemy. Vangroober had once or twice been startled by the terrific lustre which this determination had thrown into her eyes; but he was not a man to be constantly baffled by a glance, and Inesille would have been called upon for the immediate exertion of her desperate resolve, but for an event which obliged him to delay the gratification of his licentious passion. The appearance of a strange ship was hailed with secret joy by Inesille, and with fierce delight by her companions. It came not, however, as a deliverer, but, on perceiving the warlike preparations of the pirate, sought safety in flight. A long chase succeeded, and then commenced the action: the combat was brief and deadly; three of the assailants were killed, and their Captain was wounded, ere the vessel was compelled to strike, and the robber in possession of his prey. Inesille, when she heard the struggle, had indulged a strong hope that victory would decide against him. She rushed upon deck, imagining that even her feeble aid might be useful in the contest. She saw Vangroober, though bleeding, triumphant.—She looked down in despair, and her eyes rested on the livid face of Thomas Markland, the sailor who had been accustomed to visit her cabin. Life was extinct in his breast; and, turning faint at the ghastly appearance of the corpse, she hastily retreated. Vangroober's wound inspired her with comfort: this was at least a reprieve, and she soon found reason for congratulation upon the change. Instead of indulging in amusements, nearly the whole of his time was occupied in the care of the ship; and the anguish which he sustained from a severe sabrecut rendered him desirous to seek rest only in those hours which he could spare from his duty.

Several of the ship's company had been dispatched on board the prize, and the prisoners were placed in strict confinement until an opportunity should occur to put them on shore. Thus Inesille obtained a suspension from her worst fears; but as Vangroober's persecution declined, she was exposed to the solicitations of his mate, or officer, a creature still more abhorrent to her sight—a leering, swarthy, diminutive wretch, resembling an ill-hatched, mis-shapen imp, rather than a man. She complained to the Captain of his insolent addresses, and though she perceived that the pirate dared not quarrel with his confederate, and was obliged to suppress the rage which her intelligence had kindled, she gained some advantage. A barricade was furnished for

her window, to relieve the fears which she expressed of an invasion in the night, and strict orders were issued that no person should intrude upon her privacy, upon any pretence whatever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A BRIDAL IN HIGH-LIFE.*

[THIS novel describes the *debut* of a youth of talent and feeling in fashionable society. His town relatives are persons mingling with the higher ranks, and from the unsuspected narrowness of their finances, forced to adopt the ingenious contrivances which make so much of the pressure and peril of showy female ambition. This youth, Vaughan, falls in love with a girl of beauty, and distinguished nobleness of mind; they are both poor, both orphans, and both repelled and insulted by the worldly spirit of their aspiring relatives. Vaughan volunteers into the army, goes through some of the celebrated Peninsular campaigns; and makes himself conspicuous by the adventures and virtues of soldiership.

He returns, glowing with love and triumph, to find his character calumniated, his hopes of fortune destroyed, and last and bitterest of all, his handsome, high-minded mistress about to give her hand to his habitual enemy.

The distress deepens round him, he sinks under his evils, wanders on the continent, is driven back by the landing of Napoleon from Elba, rejoins the army, and after having fought at the Waterloo, returns to England once more, against all his expectations, hope and happiness gathering round him. The worldly spirit of his fashionable relatives is repaid, as it generally is by the world, in the continued increase of their embarrassments, in disappointment and financial ruin.]

His Lordship now took the hand of the bride, and with the same smile which he had worn at the birth-days of half a century, implored, probably to prevent further mischances, that the envious veil might be raised that hung between him and so much beauty. He raised the veil, and Clementina's fixed eye overwhelmed even his urbanity for the time. He almost started back as he saw its cold and sullen glare, the lifeless hue of her countenance, rouged as it was, and the livid paleness of her lip. But it was too late; the veil was again dropped; and her mother followed her to the carriage, where, flinging herself back on the seat, she remained silent and motionless, till the long and pompous cavalcade had arrived at the church door.

Marriage is not a joyous ceremony.—The solemnity of the ritual, the sacredness of the altar, the gravity of its ministers, the newness of the life into which it leads, the separation, partial as it may be, from early ties and fondness, are all adverse to joy. The Hymen of the ancient

world, with his flutes and dancers, his cheerful torch, and laughing countenance, has given way to a loftier but a more subdued spirit; and the noblest rite of friendship and love is often consecrated by tears.

This marriage was the stern service of revenge. An angry and a tempestuous heart was hid in the holy words that passed over the bride's lip. Her mother doubly anxious, as the last moment of possible hesitation approached, watched every moment; and whispering in her ear to be firm, stood, almost involuntarily, to receive her if she should fall. Catherine, scarcely less anxious from pity, was at her side, alternately listening to the ceremonial and sustaining the bride. Vaughan and Courtney, in the remoter circle, equally gazed, and were equally spell-bound by the contrast. Catherine, with her noble countenance, filled at once with high devotion and human tenderness, her full and splendid glance cast upwards in the more sacred portions of the rite, and her lip, touched with sweet seriousness and cheering smiles, as she turned towards the victim, gave Vaughan the idea of Beauty and Compassion personified beside Despair. Courtney saw, with sudden scorn of himself, only the loveliness which he had lost; and formed his dark determination to thwart and crush the rival who had mastered his interest in her heart.

The ceremony approached its conclusion—sighs and tears were among the circle—but the bride neither sighed nor wept. She pronounced the solemn words that gave her to another, without a change of feature; but, at the moment when she was turning from the altar, a fiery flush crossed her countenance, she pressed Catherine's wrist, and murmured—"All's over; Windham and I are parted for ever; I am revenged!"

[Vaughan is engaged in an affair of honour, and the night before the meeting is one of thought and natural anxiety.]

The night had now advanced, but he felt no inclination to sleep. He walked to the window, and gazed upon the stars, which shone in their glory; he paced the room in deep and yet wandering meditations; he again took up his book, a popular volume; but the vividness of knightly adventure, and the magnificence of baronial castles, had palled upon his nervous and excited spirit. He took up his pen, and his thoughts insensibly strayed into verse. Catherine's parting present lay upon the table, and was his muse:

THE REMEMBRANCE.

"Come to my heart, thou pledge of love!
And while with life its pulses move,
In absence, peril, far or near,
Come to my heart, and rest thou there!"

My days of youth are gone and past,
My manhood's hour is overcast;
My later destiny may have
A wanderer's life, a stranger's grave;
But whether eyes of love shall weep
Where thy pale master's relics sleep;
Or whether on the wave or plain,
This bosom shall forget its pain:
Yet where I rove, or where I fall,
To me thou shalt be all in all.

Come to my heart! When thou art nigh,
The parting hour is on mine eye;
I see the chesnut ringlets rolled
Round the bright forehead's Grecian mould,

The ruby lip, the penciled brow,
The cheek's delicious April glow,
The smile, a sweet and sunny beam
Upon life's melancholy stream;

The glance of soul, pure, splendid, high—
Till all the vision wanders by,
Like angels to their brighter sphere;
And leaves me lone and darkling here!"

[After which the adventure thickens.]

Vaughan lands with his regiment at Lisbon, and enjoys, with the ardour and young enthusiasm of a gallant and sensitive heart, the mingled scene of magnificence and confusion, the natural loveliness of the south, and the wild and universal tumult of that most memorable and brilliant period.

[The march of the brigade, and the celebrated surprise of Giraud, by Lord Hill, is well described.]

As they left the town, the bands struck up, the colours were unfurled, and the air rang with the gallant tumult of the soldiery. The Sierra before them now rose rapidly as they approached it, and the brigade gazed on its masses and pinnacles, sheeted with sunshine in a thousand shapes and hues, with a feeling of scarcely less than astonishment. As the sun sank lower, and the bases of the mountain range lost the light, they seemed embedded in a sea of melting purple; but the rivulets that broke down higher declivities, still gleaming in the sun, wore the look of streams and gushes of fire winding their way through the bold and fractured sides of the hills, till they were extinguished in the gulph below; higher still, the brow, jagged and pointed in innumerable forms, was the crater of the great volcano, ruddy with shifting and lurid splendour; and above all, one mighty shaft of granite, white as snow, and in the full blaze of the sun, shot its spire into the clouds, with the intense light of a living volcanic flame.

The troops continued their march during the night, through precipices and pinnacles, by wild depths, where a false step would have been destruction, and on ridges, below which the clouds hung.—The moon was in her wane.

It was midnight, when an officer of the staff rode up to the regiment, telling them to get under arms, and advance immediately towards a point on which the last beam of the moon was falling; that the enemy were near, and that it was necessary to take them by surprise. The troops started from the ground with martial good will, and in a few moments the brigade began descending the precipices. The march was conducted with caution, but the tread of the soldiery, the guns crashing down the stony road, and the cries of the muleteers, which no threats could restrain, must have soon betrayed their movements to the vigilant and active enemy. But fortune still favoured them—the sky, hitherto so serene, became clouded, as they came within hearing of the

* Husband Hunting, or the Mother and Daughter. A Tale of fashionable life.

French videttes; the wind rose, and suddenly blew in gusts of such force, that the soldiery were compelled to cling to the rocks and pines. The moonlight was extinguished at once, and the thunder began to roll like cannon of a distant battle.

The rain began to pour in torrents, the ground was deluged, and a glance at the mountain by one of the flashes showed it white, with sudden cataracts rushing down after them. To take shelter was impossible, to advance became at every step more hazardous; all points of direction had been lost; it was resolved to halt upon the spot till morning. The lightning had ceased, and tenfold darkness covered earth and sky, when one broad burst, that seemed like a conflagration of the general atmosphere, broke from the depth of the clouds, and showed the whole horizon.—They were already at the foot of the hill on which the French had encamped for the night; the entire position was displayed before them, the guns commanding the entrance of the village, the piquets at the foot of the ascent, the cavalry videttes on the neighbouring heights. But all was silent, as if man had no business to mingle his little powers with the overwhelming grandeur and might of the war of nature.

The glare sunk, and in the next moment the troops rushed on in columns, with an inspiring huzza. The position was attacked in flank, front, and rear, at once; the enemy made a vigorous resistance, and the face of the hill was in a blaze with cannon and musquetry. The French were commanded by Giraud, a gallant soldier, and a favourite of Napoleon; he had been surprised, but he strove to sustain his character.

The conflict became close and destructive; the entrance to the village had been barricaded, the houses were looped, and a heavy fire was poured from every roof, fence, and window. But the British bayonet was irresistible. The barricades were rapidly stormed, amidst cheers and the roar of mingled artillery and thunder. Vaughan felt himself buoyed up with a lofty and maddening animation: he plunged into the blaze of the musquetry without a consciousness of hazard; all was a bold, feverish, almost joyous tumult of sensations; a new life seemed to have been poured into his frame, and first of the first, and loudest of the loud, he flung himself into the midst of the encounter. The British gave a roar of triumph, and drove the battalion before them down the street, firing and charging till its remnant threw down their arms at the last barricade.

The action was now over; a few scattered parties of the enemy continued firing from Sierra de Montanches, along which they were making their escape, pursued by the light infantry. But even this was at an end; the British success was complete. Nearly three battalions, with their staff, the Prince d'Arenberg, and a demi-brigade of artillery, were the result of this night's enterprise.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

"Well, let thy science settle that."—Byron.

HOOPING COUGH.*

"It is a singular fact, that although this severe and frightful disease (at least it is both severe and frightful as far as young children are concerned) has frequently appeared as a widely prevailing epidemic,† yet its remote cause is still involved in obscurity; and it is still more remarkable, that, in no other disease is the opinion of the Medical Faculty so divided with regard to the mode of treatment which it requires.

Some very learned and experienced physicians assert, that medicines exert no influence whatever over the complaint, which, in every instance, runs a certain course; while others, equally deserving of confidence, contend that it is completely remediable, and that much danger results from leaving it to run its course undisturbed. On such a point, associating ourselves with the Æsculapius of our faith, we can speak from our own observations only; and we have no hesitation in declaring, that we believe it to be as manageable, in the majority of instances, as any other complaint. It is, however, necessary to modify this assertion, and to admit, that we have seen no medicine that has the power of checking the violence of the cough in the early stage of the disease; but this stage is of short duration; and even it may be so influenced by remedies and regimen, as to render the subsequent stages extremely manageable.

The plan of treatment which we have seen prove most beneficial, consists in the regulation of the temperature of the air which the patient breathes, and the food which he takes, as well as in the proper administration of medicines. If the disease occur in summer, the patient may be permitted to take exercise in the open air, when the wind is not easterly; but if in winter, and at this season of the year, he should be confined to one or more rooms, the temperature of which should be preserved, as nearly as possible, between 60 deg. and 65 deg., or at a summer heat. The food should be of a light and demulcent kind, and, therefore, confined to vegetables, light puddings, and milk; a strict adherence to which is, in our opinion, a most important point in the management of the disease. With regard to medicine, nothing so soon allays the spasmodic violence of the cough, as small doses of Prussic Acid combined with carbonate of Potash, and the extract of Belladonna, given in a cup full of the common Almond Emulsion, sweetened with the Syrup of Tolu. When the patient, however, is very young, and the phlegm is swallowed instead of being expectorated during the cough, small doses of Ipecacuanha Wine may be substituted for the Prussic Acid; and the Belladonna, instead

of being given internally, may be united with Burgundie Pitch and Oil of Amber, and applied as a plaster upon the neck, and between the shoulders, in which situation it affects those respiratory nerves which regulates the motions of the chest and the diaphragm. It is on this principle that Embrocations prove useful; and, in no instance can the prejudices of parents, in favour of a particular description of remedy, be so properly humoured. We forbear to notice the doses of either the Prussic Acid or the Belladonna, because both are remedies of too powerful a kind to be trusted in the hands of unprofessional prescribers. As soon as the violence of the cough has subsided, the use of the Prussic Acid should be suspended, and either the Peruvian Bark, or the Salts obtained from the pale and yellow species of that vegetable remedy, and combined with Sulphuric Acid, the *Sulphates of Quina* and of *Cinchonia*; or small doses of the Oxyde of Zinc, or the Subnitrate of Bismuth, combined with the Belladonna, administered. These will be found strikingly beneficial in raising the strength; as well as diminishing the spasmodic tendency, which otherwise is apt to continue for a long period, even after the disease may be considered, in other respects, cured. By proceeding in this manner, we have seldom seen the complaint run on beyond a month or six weeks; whereas we have never known it yield, in twice or thrice that period of time, when it has been left solely to the powers of the Constitution. Change of air, which was formally so much insisted upon, is beneficial only in this stage of the disease; and we have witnessed the cough, when maintained by habit, as it frequently is, continue to resist every other remedy, and yet yield, in a few days, on removal to a mild and pure air; particularly in that season of the year when the atmosphere, as the Poet of the Seasons elegantly says, is "Full of life and vivifying soul."

COMET.

Mr. Gambard, of Marseilles, has, it is understood, discovered a new comet on the 19th of May, though a distinct observation was not got till the 27th, at Paris. It is near Gamma, in Cassiopeia, invisible to the naked eye, without tail or apparent nucleus, having the form of nebula, which is easily distinguished, notwithstanding the light of the moon.

It has long been (says the London Literary Gazette) a desideratum with the learned and philosophical, to possess a purer medium, through which to make astronomical and nautical experiments, than the glass which is at present manufactured for those purposes; and it is with great pleasure we learn that the Royal Society and the Board of Longitude, under the direction of Sir H. Davy, the president of the former eminent body, have zealously undertaken the accomplishment of so desirable an object, and a series of experiments have now commenced under the superintendence of Mr. Hudson.

* Extract from a report of the Medical Society of London.

† In 1580, when it was epidemic at Rome, nine thousand children fell the victims of its violence.

SCENE AT THE NIAGARA FALLS.

A newspaper is the vehicle of public misfortunes, as well as public benefits. Without discrimination it records the death of the high and low—the unfortunate case of one, and the fortunate case of another.—In it we see “horrible piracies,” “melancholy accidents,” “shocking occurrences,” “unparalleled adventures,” “daring robberies,” “horrid murders,” “hair breadth escapes,” “lucky hits,” “noble deeds,” “beautiful extracts,” “fragments,” “poetry,” “miscellany,” &c. besides “foreign news,” and “presidential essays,” and hundreds of advertisements, from “a good bargain,” “new and cheap,” “take notice,” “for sale,” “married,” down to “*whereas my wife Betty has left my bed,*” &c. But not to wander from my subject.

The falls of Niagara are only seven miles from this place, and on either side of the blue Niagara, below them, the banks present themselves two hundred feet in height, and instead of being perpendicular, slope under from top to bottom like a corn crib, and leave the top of the bank hanging over fifteen or twenty feet from the line of the bottom. This, when viewed from below, is awfully grand, and a person shrinks into nothingness, and his ideas become a vacuum, when his eye surveys the massy, shelving rocks, and he imagines his situation if, in one general crash, the whole should find the bed of the river! The roaring of the dreadful cataract, the foaming of the waters, and the awful gulph below, are scenes which the pen of description cannot reach. During the summer months, hundreds visit this cataract for curiosity and health—but at this season of mud, hubs, and bad roads, the visiting ceases. Accordingly I went lately to view, alone, this wonderful curiosity of nature, which has called forth so much animadversion, prose and poetical genius, as well in Europe as America. Now here, I come to the relation of the catastrophe which I have so singularly prefaced.

The sun had risen an hour, as I walked out on Goat-Island to view the beauties of the never-ceasing cataract, while the sun's ray struck it from the east, and hung a most beautiful rainbow around near to the sheet of water, on the dense spray that was constantly emitting. Every thing was still, save the hoarse growling of the falls, which seemed to reverberate as it took flight

“Over the hills and far away,”

Nothing moved. The leaves which had all fallen some time since, ruffled under my feet, as I moved slowly along, looking on the ten thousand names, that in various and multifarious manners, ways, shapes, and tastes, are seen cut upon every smooth tree. At length my attention was arrested by one beech particularly, which bore two names well cut, one exhibiting below it, a *violin* and bow, and the other a keyed *flute*, together with

some initials still below—a little distance from this, and nearer to the bank, on a large beech, I read the following, which was ten or twelve feet up, on the side of the tree, which, for six feet from the bottom was literally covered with names—

“Sacred be thee, thou old beech tree,
Thou bear'st the stamp of many a name;
Curs'd be he, who injures thee,
Thou relic of departed fame.”

And as I stood reading this, my eye caught the glimpse of a young man who sat, apparently in a deep reverie, with his feet hanging off the bank! The sight was awful, as he seemed to sit “halting between two opinions,”—and the idiot motion of his head readily enforced the idea that he was in a delirium, as he sat viewing the ceaseless torrent rush below! I could have spoken a friendly word to him—oh! I could have snatched him with eagerness from the yawning gulph. But then I could not, dare not speak, for hearing the sound of a voice, or, if I approached, my footsteps would frighten him, and throw him into the abyss! I could not catch his eye to beckon him away.—To approach was dangerous indeed, and to halloo, was to plunge him into eternity! At last I advanced, slow as the hand of a clock, towards him. His cheek was fair, and an idiot smile seemed at intervals to play upon his vacant countenance. The air produced by the cataract gently moved his hair, as he sat indifferently, and with occasional motions. Finally forgetting myself, my steps unluckily produced a noise which caught his ear. He gazed around at me with a vacant and half-frightened look, and, oh! heavens! gave an unguarded spring, and—ran off the island, while I pursued close at his heels with a limb, determined, if I overhauled him, to inflict severe castigation on him for his presumption.—But he outran me.

[Niag. Sentinel.]

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from the volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawing tables, stands, flower pots, screens and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Semphronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them tend to the perfecting of, a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but “one thing is needful.” Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance. But, though a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts;

yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families.—They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. Though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance: it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a wife, a mother, and a mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company; but is entirely unfit for a helpmate to man, and to “train up a child in the way he should go.”

Port Folio.

WIT AND VIVACITY.

No person can be perfectly agreeable without them: but that wit which displays itself in discovering the foibles of our fellow-creatures, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill-nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring; from which we turn away to fix our eyes on the performance of some artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in portraying a poor woman at a cottage-door, or an infant sleeping on a bank of flowers.

POETS.

Poets may be said to realize, in some measure, the poetical idea of the nightingale's singing with a thorn at her breast, as their most exquisite songs have often originated in the acuteness of their personal sufferings.

HEROIC GRATITUDE.

LEWIS the Fourteenth, who had once bombarded Algiers, ordered the Marquis Du Quesne to bombard it a second time, in order to punish their infidelity and insolence. The despair in which the Corsairs found themselves of not being able to beat the fleet off their coasts, which did them so much mischief, caused them to bring all the French slaves, and fastening them to the mouths of their cannon, the different limbs of their bodies were blown even among the French fleet.

An Algerine captain, who had been taken on a cruise, and very well treated by the French all the time he had been their prisoner, one day perceived, among these unfortunate Frenchmen who were doomed to the cruel fate just mentioned, an officer named Choiseul, from whom he had received the most singular kindness.—The Algerine immediately begged, entreated, and solicited, in the most pressing manner, to save the life of the generous Frenchman; but all was to no purpose. At last, when they were going to fire the cannon to which Choiseul was fixed, the captain threw himself on the body of his friend, and closely embracing him in his arms, said to the cannonier—“Fire! since I cannot save my benefactor, I will at least have the consolation to die with him.” The dey, in whose presence this scene passed, was so affected with it, barbarous and savage as he was by nature, that he now readily granted that from dictates of humanity, which he had just before refused with so much savage ferocity.

GABRIEL JONES.

Most persons have heard of Gabriel Jones, a lawyer, who practised in the county courts of this valley, some half century ago, and bore, in many of them, an undoubted influence. On the trial of a case before the court of — county, in which he and the late Mr. H. (then recently come to the bar) were opposed to each other, he was worsted in some of the discussions—became greatly irritated, and outraged all decorum, by cursing and swearing aloud. Mr. H. after waiting some time in the expectation that the court would take some step for the preservation of its dignity, ventured to suggest to the justices that the respect which they owed to themselves, required of them not to permit such conduct to pass unnoticed. Their worships, thus urged, went into solemn council upon the matter, the result of which was announced by the presiding justice: “It is the opinion of the court, Mr. H. that you musn’t plague and vex Mr. Jones, and make him curse and swear so—if you do, sir, we’ll put you in the stocks.”

Mart. Gaz.

DINNER IN STYLE.

The drawing of a rich prize in one of the late lotteries, was the means of a gentleman from the interior visiting Boston lately, who left behind him a genuine Yankee morceau. Having received the

money he bethought himself of something to eat, and accordingly presented himself at the bar of a celebrated Hotel, and inquired of the landlord for a dinner; he was asked, as is customary, what he would have, when, after due consideration, he rose, and in the real spirit of the ‘nation’, said—“Well, I dont know, bread and lasses is darn’d good, I swum!”

If the best man’s faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

THE DRAMA.

—“Hither are they coming to do you service.
“*Ham.* He that plays the King shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute from me:—the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target: the Lover shall not sigh gratis: the Humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o’ the sere: and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. What players are they?
Hamlet, Act II. Sc. 2.

In the course of a week or two our theatres will be re-opened, and the actors, and managers, the dresses and the scenery, the music and the lights, be subjected once more to the ordeal of editorial criticism. Before assuming the responsible duties which will devolve upon us, in common with our brother censors, we think it will not be deemed inopportune if we indulge in a few general remarks concerning the present condition of the Stage.

It has long been a matter of sincere regret to the friends of the genuine drama, that our good old plays are so seldom re-presented, and that Shakspeare, and Sheridan, and Otway are dispossessed of the stage, to make room for the monster yclept Melo-drama.

The fault is generally supposed to rest exclusively with the managers, who, it is alleged, sacrifice the high duties they owe to the public, of rendering the stage a school of morality, to their love of gain. To us this charge appears equally singular as it is erroneous. We should like to observe the conduct of any one of those who thus censure the managers, if he were placed in their situation. Would he be content to produce none but plays of sterling merit, even at the expense of a few thousands annually? We doubt it. It is not natural. It may be a collateral object, and we believe it is with those who establish play-houses, to instruct and benefit the public, but surely the paramount object is, as in all other human pursuits, self interest; and it would be chimerical and absurd to expect, or ever insist, that this last should be sacrificed to the former.—Sure we are that not any of those who compose the audiences at a theatre, go thither from pure benevolence towards the managers; and why should they expect more than they are willing to give? It may be asked us, then, since the managers are not to blame, whether the public is in fault; whether they will not encourage

good plays, and whether it is their want of taste which is the cause of the evil.—To this we answer, that there is indeed a portion of the community who are obnoxious to the change; and these, perhaps, have obtained possession of the theatres, and banished the more enlightened classes. These latter, however, constitute the majority, and we must look to another cause, therefore, than want of taste in the public for the source of the evil. This we consider to depend mainly on the want of good actors. We do not mean to confine this remark to any one theatre, nor even to this city or country. As far as we are informed, the evil is felt equally in England as it is here. In the best constituted companies it is difficult to find more than one or two good performers, that is, who are capable of representing the prominent parts in a tragedy or comedy, and however much their endeavours may succeed, they are paralysed, and prevented from producing a full impression by the want of proper support—then the illusion of the scene is destroyed, and the spectator loses his relish for the play. Again, the eminent abilities possessed by a few stars, have an injurious effect on the rest of the actors. After the impression made by their representation of a part, or even their appearance on the stage, any inferior actor is deemed intolerable. Shakspeare, who knew the effects, and had probably observed them with an experienced eye, has said on the subject—

—“In a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.”

Hence, when these well-graced actors are absent, no others can be tolerated in the part. To remedy this evil we know of but one way. A sufficient number of actors should be regularly educated, and trained to perform, exclusively, in the higher walks of tragedy and comedy.—They should not be required to perform too often, but have leisure to perfect themselves well in their parts. None should be admitted into the company unless qualified, both physically and morally. It should be made their interest, and their ambition to excel, by being, in the first instance, well paid, and, in the second, by having the standard of their professional character elevated. Difficulties will be encountered, but a liberal policy, steadily persevered in, must insure success. We shall continue these remarks.

Since writing the above the CHATHAM THEATRE has been re-opened for the season. The interior of the house has undergone several important alterations and improvements. The stage has been much enlarged, thirty feet having been added to its depth. The scenery and decorations have been completed, and several new pieces are in preparation. We have not time to enlarge at present.

Monday, Aug. 15.—Honey Moon, Red Riding Hood, and Fortune’s Frolic.

Tuesday, Aug. 16.—Pizarro, and the Romp.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1825.

In answer to the numerous applications which are daily making, and by gentlemen of the most respectable qualifications, for the editorial management of this journal, I consider it my duty to state distinctly that I have already entered into a satisfactory and conclusive arrangement with a gentleman to this effect, which I sincerely trust will prove equally gratifying and beneficial to my patrons.

GEO. BOND.

We had proposed extending the Review department considerably in the present number, but unavoidable circumstances have prevented. In our next we shall be able to carry our object into effect, by which we hope to add considerable interest to our work. We intend giving full reviews of every important and amusing book which makes its appearance before the public, and which is at the same time worthy of an introduction to our readers. Multiplied as books are in the present day, it becomes necessary to be very choice in selections from the best, and as it is impossible for every one to possess himself of all publications, we flatter ourselves that we shall make our pages not only entertaining, but useful.

We may also take occasion to observe that especial attention will be paid hereafter to the *Original Essays*. None shall be admitted, excepting such as come recommended by the excellence of their matter, no less than by the purity and propriety of their style. A great inattention prevails in this respect in the majority of our literary and public journals. As far as in our power lies we shall endeavour to do justice to this important branch of our editorial labours. We hope, at the same time, to be favoured with occasional contributions from our literary friends, who will please address their communications to Mr. Geo. Bond, Proprietor of the American Athenæum.

NEW-YORK.

THE city of N. York presents, at this moment, a singular spectacle, the counterpart of which is probably not to be seen in any other city in the world. Whole squares of buildings levelled with the dust; here a broken wall, and there a solitary chimney; huge piles of stone and brick, and fallen rafters occupying the sites of the demolished houses, and obstructing the passage in the most frequented and busy streets, bespeak a scene of desolation and ruin, that might well appal the heart of the stranger unacquainted with the causes which produced them. Should he first visit this scene in the solitary hours of the night, what awful conceptions would he not form! The shocks of a terrible earthquake, such as desolated Lisbon, and almost swept away Caraccas from the face of the earth, would most naturally suggest themselves to his mind, and awaken painful curiosity to know the extent of the loss of life and property, that must have marked the ravages of the unsparing convulsion. Suspend thy curiosity, good stranger, till the morning; then revisit this scene, and be at once undeceived. The ruin and the rubbish, thou seest before thee, is the work not of calamity, but of prosperity. Start not, it is even so. The old Dutch mansion with its gable end facing the street, and having the date of its erection stamped on its wall with iron figures, (as if to denote the stern virtues of our

incorruptible ancestors,) was too humble a building for the luxury, and opulence, and splendid convenience of our modern merchant. Nay, even houses of more modern construction, but not sufficiently ample to contain the stores of his wealth or correspond to the dignity of his character, must make way. In their stead arise the lofty storehouses with their iron-arched windows or their marble fronts, ministering at once to the vanity of their possessors, and striving to beautify and improve the external aspect of our city. Turn thine eye farther, and see those heavy and well polished blocks of white marble, gradually rearing themselves above the surrounding ruins, and unfolding a wide extended front. It is the Exchange. There the merchant will hereafter transact his important and numerous concerns, the broker speculate with cautious and acute policy, and the lounge, mayhap, basking in the sunshine of prosperity, doze an hour or two over the columns of that various and important budget, a newspaper. There the prices of stocks will be announced, there the rise and fall of cotton impart a smile to the anxious countenance of the importer, or send him to eat his dinner "with what appetite he may." A few months more, and how changed will be this scene. The light of heaven, which now peeps in too boldly perhaps on the purposes of the wiley and mysterious, will again be excluded, as before. The clink of hammers and the ceaseless clatter of the noisy workman be silenced once more. This dust which nearly blinds even the acute vision of the keen stock-jobber shall be laid, and all will go on smoothly as before. A transformation shall have taken place externally; there will be more pomp, more splendour and show of wealth, and the bearing and even the countenances of the sons of trade will borrow a hue from the impress; but internally all will be the same. The love of gain, the spirit of enterprise, and the ardour for adventure will burn with the same flame which supplied them with fuel before, and will still continue to do so till the last breath of life shall have deserted their active frames. And then their place will be supplied by others like themselves,

"Though their face be seen no more,
"The world will pass as cheerful as before."

ALBANY.

We are happy to observe that the number of daily papers published in Albany is to be increased; because we regard it as an undoubted evidence of the prosperity and rapid growth of the ancient capital of our state. The Argus, of which, whatever may be thought of its political opinions, it will not be denied that it has always been conducted with distinguished ability and reputation, is about to be transformed from a semi-weekly into a daily journal. Mr. CROSWELL, whose talents and character stand deservedly high with the public, will continue in the editorial department. We wish him success in his undertaking.

MARRIED.

At Roadstown, N. J. Mr. David A. Baker, of this city, to Miss Sarah Ann Dowdney, of Georgetown, S. C.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Maclay, Mr. George Cornish, to Miss Mary Miller, all of this city.

DIED.

In this city, Mr. Michael M'Donnell.

At Derby, Conn. on the 12th inst. Miss Mary J. daughter of Col. W. J. Hunter, of this city, in the 17th year of her age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines by 'Henry' will appear in our next.

'Albert' will receive attention

We would insert the communications of 'C' if they were even *passable*.

Several articles are on file, which shall have an early insertion.

Answer to the Enigma in No. 15—The letter E.

'New-Jersey Literary and Philosophical Society.'

A Society of the above name was organized at Princeton, N. J. on the 11th ult. Its object is the promotion of useful knowledge and friendly profitable intercourse of the literary and scientific gentlemen of New-Jersey. The following is an outline of the plan of this new institution:

The members are to be divided into ten classes.

1. The class for Theological and Moral Science;
2. Philology and Belles Lettres;
3. History and Antiquities;
4. Legal and Political Science;
5. Medical Science;
6. Mathematics;
7. Natural and Experimental Philosophy;
8. Natural History;
9. The Fine Arts;
10. Agriculture.

Each member is to be attached to some class, according to his own choice; and any member may belong to more than one class.

The several classes constitute distinct committees, appoint their own chairmen and secretaries, meet on their adjournments, and make such communications to the Society, from time to time, as they may deem proper.

Meetings of the Society are to be held in the Chapel of the College of New-Jersey, on the fourth Wednesdays of the months of November, December, January, February, March, June, July, and August, and at such other times as the executive committee may direct. At these meetings, public lectures are to be delivered by members previously appointed. Upon the lectures the students of the College and of the Theological Seminary, and the friends of science generally, will be permitted to attend; after the lectures have been delivered, the members may enter upon a decision of the subjects, of which they are treated, and attend to such other business as may be brought before the society. There is also to be an annual meeting, on Tuesday immediately preceding the annual commencement of the College of New-Jersey. The officers of the ensuing year will then be chosen. *Nat. Gaz.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

View and description of the city of New-Orange (New-York,) as it was in the year 1673. By JOSEPH W. MOULTON, Esq. New-York.—Printed by C. S. Van Winkle. 8vo. pp. 40. 1825. With a plate.

We consider the public as being much indebted to Mr. Moulton for the industry and research he has displayed in his present and former attempts to gratify their curiosity respecting the early condition of this state and city. The present is a very curious and valuable document, and forms an useful companion to Mr. Benson's Memoir. We shall probably notice both these works together in a future review.

Report of the Committee on Laws, to the Corporation of the city of New-York, on the subject of interment, within the populous parts of the city. Read and adopted at a special meeting of the said Corporation, on the 9th June, 1825. 8vo. pp. 76.

We have perused this report with much satisfaction, and regard it as bearing decisive evidences of the talents, industry, and ingenious reasoning of the writer, who we have reason to believe is Alderman COWDREY. This gentleman deserves the gratitude of the community for the lively interest he has taken in their behalf, and when the opposition which was to have been expected from the feelings (honourable in themselves) of a portion of the community shall have subsided, he will receive the universal approbation of the city. We recommend the report to our readers.

Phelles, King of Tyre, or the Downfall of Tyranny. A tragedy, in five acts. As performed at the New-York theatre. C. Wiley, New-York, 1825.

We shall review this work next week.